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"Quocumque me Fortuna ferat, ibo hospes."

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Written for the Newsdealer.

LINES

WRITTEN ON SEEING A MOTHER WEeping BESIDE
THE COFFIN OF HER CHILD.

Sleep on, loved one, calm is thy rest;
No pangs distress thee now;
Thy hands meek folded on thy breast,
Death's seal upon thy brow.

My angel child, why did I place
My heart's most cherished hope on thee?
Now in this sweet, pale, faded face
The wreck of all those hopes I see.

Those eyes will never more unclose,
And beam on me with fond delight;
Those cheeks which vied the summer rose,
Are turned to cold and changeless white.

Those ice-cold lips no more thou'lt press
Unto mine own, with childish glee;
And Oh! my child, a mother's breast
Can ne'er again thy pillow be.

Thy joyous laughter now is hushed,
Thy low sweet voice no more is heard,
Thy little heart hath ceased to beat;
'Twas but the air thy soft robe stirred.

Beneath the willow tree we lay
Thy baby form, so sweet, to rest;
And wipe the bitter tears away.
While planting roses on thy breast.
Stowe, Feb. 13, 1862.

THE STEP-MOTHER.

The marriage rite is over, and the guests have
turned aside.

With tears my eyes are streaming, and my grief
I cannot hide:

I weath my face in smiling, as I led my little
brother

To greet my father's chosen, but I could not call
call her Mother.

She a fair young creature, with a meek and gentle
air.

With blue eyes soft and loving and sunny silk-
en hair:

I know my father gives her the love he bor-
rowed.

But if she were an angel, I could not call her
Mother.

Last night I heard her singing a song I used to
hear.

As its sweet notes seemed hallowed by her who
sings above:

It pained my heart to hear it, and my tears I could
not smother.

But if she were an angel, I could not call her
mother.

My father in the sunshine of happy days to come,
Has half forgot the shadows that darkened our
old home.

His heart no more is lonely, but me and little
brother.

They have moved my mother's picture from its
old accustomed place.

And have set beside my father's, a fairer, young-
er face:

They have used the dear old chamber, a boudoir
for another.

But I will not forget thee, my own,—my angel
mother.

Written for the Lamolile Newsdealer.

INTemperance.

There is not a little being said at this
time, upon the subject of Intemperance;
and we are sorry to say, if we may judge
from the practice, and even precept of
many, that there are as many if not more
advocates for it than against it. Men of
talent that have a very fair degree of res-
pectability, willfully fall into this error.
They reason not according to the dictates,
or rather the convictions of their own
minds, but influenced by a base and self-
ish motive, they argue in the way that
best promotes their own advancement in
popularity. This, decidedly, should not be.

The subject before us, is one that im-
peratively demands the attention and
self-sacrifice, if need be, of good influen-
tial men.

It often occurs that the very men whose
influence, if brought to bear, would go
very far towards irradiating this most
pernicious vice, from our land, seem to be
the least interested or zealous in the cause.
The reason is obvious—they feel rather
"tender" in regard to the subject,—be-
cause they think that they may thereby
render themselves unpopular among a
class of men who style themselves "friends."
The future condition of society and the
rescue of intelligent young men from ruin
who would otherwise make useful citizens
and bright ornaments in society, plainly
and seriously suggest that we should lay
aside all scruples and paltry motives,
and cooperate, hand in hand, in the glori-
ous cause of redemption.

There are a few steps being taken in
this place, we may hope, in the right di-
rection; and may the work go bravely on,
not only here but everywhere in the land.

JOHN.

Cambridge, March 21, 1862.

NEWBURN.

The fortifications at this place, recently
captured by Gen. Burnside, are thus de-
scribed by a correspondent of the *Tribune*,
dated the 12th inst:

"The approaches to Newbern were de-
fended by a line of water batteries or forts
communicating with field fortifications of
the most extensive nature. The lower
fort is about six miles from the city; the
next communicates with the unfinished
batteries and breastworks passed on our
march, and the others distributed at about
equal distances along the shore. The line
of fortifications attacked and stormed in
the brilliant engagement of yesterday
was some three miles in extent. At the
river bank a hexagonal fort, or water bat-
tery, with a large bomb-proof and thir-
teen heavy guns, commanded not only the
river approach, but by means of pivot
carriages the cannon could be turned up-
on an advancing land force, and even to
sweep the line of breastworks itself in
case the garrison should be driven out.
The fire of this fort would have proved
very destructive to us after the batteries
were stormed if the gunners had not de-
serted their pieces. From the fort to the
center of the line a well-made breastwork
extended, with a deep moat in front. At
the center was a bastion and sally-port,
after which the breastwork was continued
to the railroad embankment, which was
itself made to contribute a means of de-
fense. Beyond the railroad, but com-
pletely protecting the right flank of the
main battery, was a small battery, of
irregular shape, communicating with a
system of thirteen redans, or rifle-pits,
each pair of which were constructed on a
knoll rising between ravines, the conforma-
tion of the ground furnished in itself a
most admirable basis for field-work. The
locality was chosen with rare judgement,
and all that engineering skill could devise
was done to make these fortifications an
impassable barrier to our troops. From
the railroad westward, a swift, deep brook,
with muddy bottom, and a wide border of
swamp on both sides, ran in front of the
redans; and on our side of approach, the
timber was so very heavy, that, when
felled, it presented a barricade which
would seem enough of itself to stop an
army of French Zouaves. On the brow
of each mound, brushwood had been piled
with regularity to the height of four feet
in front of the redans, to make it extreme-
ly difficult to take them by assault from
the front. The redans were constructed
of heavy timbers, covered with at least
five feet thickness of earth, while an in-
terior ditch of say three feet in depth gave
complete protection to the garrison from
volleys of musketry, or discharges of grape
or canister-shot."

The writer has the following on what
he witnessed after the main fight was
over:

"Inside, the battery presented a most re-
volting appearance. Beneath the parapet,
in the ditch, on the open ground, under
the gun-carriages, lay the dead bodies of
Rebels, some mangled in the most shocking
manner. On every side were the bleeding
carcasses of artillery horses, all, so far
as I noticed, killed by musket or rifle
balls. Here and there a broken gun-car-
riage, or caisson, lay tilted into the mud.
Stores of all kinds were scattered over the
ground or trampled in the black mire.
Muskets with broken stocks or bent bar-
rels thrown about in every direction.
Pools of blood where the wounded had
lain, and stripes of it along the ground in
the direction in which they had been car-
ried—but it is as distasteful as it is un-
necessary to point the horrors of a battle-
field, and I forbear.

We did not know with certainty that
there was not another battery as formida-
ble as this still further up the road, but
thinking it best to feed the panic which
had seized upon the enemy, Gen. Burn-
side ordered an advance. Gen. Foster
immediately sent forward the 24th, 25th,
27th, and the whole Brigade by the straight
road. In the charge on the rifle-pit bat-
tery about one hundred rebels, among
them the Colonel of the 33d North Caro-
lina and a number of commissioned offi-
cers, were captured. When these were
secured in an old brick-kiln and placed
under guard, Gens. Reno and Park moved
their Brigades after Gen. Foster's, the for-

mer going before up the railroad track
and the latter by the county road. The
march to Newbern was quite unobstructed,
the enemy having apparently all he could
do to get away from us, and early in the
afternoon our forces reached the bank of
the river immediately opposite the city.
Long before we came in sight of it, how-
ever, dense volumes of smoke were seen
rising in that direction, and the suspicion
that the place had been fired by the enemy
was fully realized when its steeples and
houses were in view. Newbern had been
fired in seven different places, and if the
wind had not mercifully subsided there
would hardly have been a house left stand-
ing by nightfall. The splendid railroad
bridge, 750 yards long, had also been set
on fire by a sow load of turpentine which
had drifted against it, and the great struc-
ture was wrapt in one grand sheet of flame.
Preparations were immediately made by
Gen. Foster to cross his forces, and this
was accomplished by the assistance of a
light draft sternwheel steamer which had
been captured with four or five small side-
wheel boats by the naval gunboats, which
by this time were quite up to the city
wharves.

To the eastward of the city a very
large rebel camp, with barracks and tents,
was found deserted and taken possession
of. Stragglers from different regiments
wandered through the city, and some acts
of depredation were committed, but a strong
Provost-Guard was called out; all liquor-
casks were staved in, and by midnight
the streets of the city were as quiet as if
one army had not just fled from it in one
direction, and another entered it from the
other.

The great majority of the inhabitants
had left town, doubtless under the impres-
sion that the whole was to be given up to
the flames; the stores were closed without
exception, and if it had not been for the
negroes and a few whites, one might have
thought some dreadful plague was raging
in the city. The Washington Hotel and
Market House were the principal build-
ings burned, and the number of private
residences will not probably exceed a doz-
en. The nefarious plan of the Rebel mil-
itary officers and political demagogues was
resisted by the better class of citizens,
but to no purpose. The hotel was fired
by a hot-headed Secessionist lawyer, who
applied the torch at an angle in the court-
yard, with his own hands. The railroad
bridge was fired by accident; but a toll-
bridge, the only remaining means of trans-
it for vehicles and pedestrians, from shore
to shore, was about being set on fire, when
the incendiaries were fired upon from a
navy-boat and driven off.

Newbern is a very ancient place, but its
appearance is made more venerable by the
lichens and mosses which cover most of
the houses. The streets are wide and
mostly bordered by large trees. There
are one or two large churches, some banks,
a theater, and two or three newspaper of-
fices. I made it one of my first duties to
go to the office of the scurrilous *Newbern
Progress*, in search of Southern exchanges,
but found nothing but a beggarly account
of empty lockers, the contents having al-
ready been appropriated by straggling sol-
diers or mischievous negroes. On a table,
however, was lying a gilt penholder, with
and ebony handle. It may be interesting
to the editor to know that, as a piece of
retributive justice, his pen-holder is in my
hand at this moment of writing. If we
should have a couple of days to spare, it
is not improbable that one number at
least of a good sound Union paper may
be issued from the office of *The Newbern
Progress*.

FRENCH SKETCH OF THE PRESIDENT.

One of Prince Napoleon's suite describ-
ing the visit to Washington, thus gives
the experience at the White House:—"Af-
ter waiting a few minutes, a small door
opens and admits a very tall man, six feet
high, thin, dressed in a complete suit of
black, and holding in his large hairy hands
a pair of white gloves, which he has nev-
er put on, and which he never can put
on; a long nose, wide mouth, small agree-
able eyes, hollow cheeks, his beard out in
the American fashion—a fashion which
would make Jupiter himself look vulgar
—a toupet of long hair raised up on his
forehead and falling back like a weeping-

willow, a kind of expression of counte-
nance, not devoid of shrewdness—such is
"Honest Abraham" (the nickname given to
President Lincoln.) "If I give you all Mr. Lincoln's claims to
public respect, you will allow me a smile
at his whimsical appearance, and at that
pair of kid gloves which seem astonished
at finding themselves in the hands of a
rail-splitter. He advanced in a shy, awk-
ward manner, shook hands with the Prince,
then with each of us, and attempted to
enter into a friendly conversation. "How
many days did you take from Europe?
Is it to the son of Lucien Bonaparte that
I have the honor of speaking? What do
you think of America? It is very hot?"
Evidently the worthy man was most kind-
ly disposed, but the representative of free-
dom had none whatever in his speech or
manners. He had no difficulty in express-
ing himself, (he gained his position by
his speeches,) and the Prince spoke En-
glish perfectly. I should have preferred
seeing a jolly, blunt, blustering farmer,
proud of his position as a *parevenu*. He
was so awkward that I felt quite disap-
pointed. I should have liked to conjure
up my jolly farmer. We separated with
more shaking of hands; we followed the
Prince to the Capitol. "This evening, dinner at the President's. I meet
with various surprises. First, an agree-
able surprise. I find myself seated next
to Senator Sumner, our former traveling
companion in Switzerland and brother of
our friend; he is a most agreeable, intel-
ligent man. Opposite me sits Gen. Mc-
Clellan, a man of an energetic and intel-
ligent cast of countenance, of simple,
modest manners, thirty-five years of age.
He is a distinguished pupil of the mili-
tary school at West Point. During the
Crimean war he went there on a tour of
military instruction. "But why," whis-
pers one man in my ear, "does he take a
different view of affairs from every one
present?" And another whispers into
my other ear, "That is our future First
Consul. Is everything to be changed?"
I express some doubts on the subject. The
rejoinder is, "He has a fine game, if he
knows how to play it."

"SECESS, MASSA, ALL SECESS."—A
newspaper correspondent visiting Alexan-
dria, was piloted through the town by a
negro, with whom the following conversa-
tion occurred:

"How do the white folks stand here,
uncle—Union or secess?"

"Seccesh, massa, all seccesh."

"You don't say! Why, I supposed
otherwise. I thought the secessionists
had left town."

"Some of 'em has, but they're all secess
what's here now, that's the sartin thing.
But they keep awful still, I tell you. If
the soldiers wasn't here they'd talk right
out, too. Dey's deceivers. Don't tell
me! Law! don't I know 'em? these
white folks?"

"Well, how about you color? Are
you all secess, too?"

"No, sar! I bet we ain't!"

"Will the colored people help their
masters?"

"Nary time. What we want is to get
off! We know what's gwine on. Darkey
not so blind as white folks think."

"But some of the slaves say they'll go
for their masters."

"Darkey talks to suit his master—don't
like to be strung up, he don't! Darkey
say anything—depends on who he talks
to."

This was got off with great glee, and
was manifestly considered a huge piece of
philosophy and strategy.

"Who owns you?"

"Mrs. ———. She's in Baltimore—reg-
ular secess—so I'se contraband, you see."

"Then your mistress don't get your
wages?"

"Nary time. Uncle Joe pockets his
own earning now—fact is, Uncle Joe
belongs to himself and the Lord now. No
use talking. Black people know what
they're about, these times."

Government has information that
the four steam rams now building by the
rebels, two at Mobile and two at New
Orleans, are similar in construction, though
undoubtedly more formidable, than the
Hollins turtle. They will, however, it is
believed, bear no comparison with the Mer-
rimac.

From Vanity Fair.

A WONDERFUL ESCAPE.

Often, ere now goose pimples have risen
on the skins of the brave. The flesh of
men of iron has been known to creep.
Valor sometimes oozes through the palms
of persons overflowing with it.

New York was in a funk. The *Merrimac*
was reported outside. It was sup-
posed she would turn the commercial em-
porium inside out. She has breakfasted
a la fourchette on the Cumberland, dined
on the Congress, and as we had no such
tubs to throw to the whale, she was ex-
pected to sup on the Empire City.

What opposition could we offer to this
Colossus of Roads, steam-legged and iron-
booted? The outer forts might have done
something, but the guns were in a sweet
condition, being honeycombed. Some
semi-lunatics suggested that the cannon
of the half moon battery at Governor's
Island might be able to beat off the iron
intruder, but on inquiry it was found that
what had been taken for Dahlgrens peep-
ing out from the embrasures, were only
"quakers." Nothing could be done, and
was done accordingly. Meanwhile night
was coming on, and the prospect darkened.

The panic increased! Marine Assu-
rance went up; popular assurance went
down. The value of vessels in the har-
bor declined to that degree that the own-
ers would have given Morgan twenty-five
per cent to take them at half price. The
great ship owners, anticipating the fate
of their craft began to pray. The Board
of Commerce broke out into a cold sweat,
and the Board of Under-writers became
hysterical. The night wore on dimly.

What could be done? Several solid
men of great strategic skill proposed to
tear down the Sandy Hook Pharos and
block up the Narrows with the materials—
thus at once putting out the light and
obstructing the passage—a maneuver
sometimes practised with wonderful effect
in domestic life.

But there wasn't time to do it. The
"iron monster" was reported below. This
might have been satisfactory had she not
simultaneously been reported as coming
up. This being the case, the "Great in-
terest" had nothing for it but to sit shud-
dering in the dark, waiting for daylight
and destruction—which they did.

Providence was considerate enough to
disappoint them. The reported "monster"
turned out to be the steamer *S. Low*, a
very slow concern indeed, which brought
the pleasant intelligence that the *Monitor*
was believed to be pitching merrily into
the *Merrimac*, and about the same time
the lightning announced a thundering
hole in the rebel Ironsides. As soon as
the result of the action was known, the
re-action was beautiful. The crested hair
of the metropolis subsided. The teeth of
the commercial world no longer chattered.
Marine Assurance recovered its check.
Shipping interest ordered its flags up
from half mast, and shouted "who's
afraid!"

The entrepot of the Western world was
saved; so was Jersey City; so were Wee-
hawken, the Navy Yard and Steven's Bat-
tery.

It was a great moral triumph. But
Heaven forbid that the courage of our
merchants should ever again be subjected
to such a terrible test. We were within
an ace of a stone blockade!

WASHINGTON AFTER THE ADVANCE.

N. P. Willis, in a letter to the *Home
Journal*, thus notices the effect of the re-
cent advance into Virginia:

It was mournful to see the difference at
Willard's, last evening. Just as great a
crowd—just as many officers—but the
favorites all gone, apparently! The la-
dies do not seem to deal out their smiles
according to the apportioning of the
prophet:—"But as his part is that goeth
down to the battle, so shall his part be
that tarrieth by the staff: they shall part
alike." (1 Sam. xxx. 24.) But, probably,
the very qualifications which procure the
appointment to a General's "staff," are
those which constitute the admired beau-
tiful looks, good manners and family in-
fluence, with means enough to be luxuri-
ous in style and equipments—so that
when all the Generals went off, with the
fifty or sixty dashing fellows who form
the staffocracy, it was natural enough

that "the fashion" should have disap-
peared.

But the Fates are wonderfully recuper-
ative in their proctor-ship of hearts! Reg-
iments of cavalry have been entering
Washington, from Annapolis and the
North, all day, (the day after the depart-
ure of the head of the Army,) and another
five thousand of infantry are due this
week, I am told—besides which, the nar-
row escape of the capital, (in the *Merrimac*'s
having had it in her choice to bom-
bard us,) will ensure a large force on the
Potomac. Washington will be plentiful-
ly officered, "horse and foot," apparently;
while the increase of handsome young
Englishmen, within the last few days, at
Willard's cosmopolite table, has been ex-
traordinary. An advertisement appears
in the *Star* of this evening, stating that
"two hundred dollars will be given to
any person who will procure for the ad-
vertiser a first-lieutenancy in a volunteer
regiment, he having had ten years' expe-
rience in the English Army"—and this,
perhaps, shows what the attraction is!

STREET SCENES IN WASHINGTON.

There is one peculiarity in the sight-
ings of war-time, to which our street
aspect owes some of its liveliness—one I
have not seen commented upon in any of
the Letters from Washington—the nat-
ural result of having new riders and new
drivers to all the horses. The variety of
runnings-away is quite curious! Saddle-
horses beyond control, with and without
riders, are "thick as blackberries." No-
body minds these, for fortunately, the
streets and avenues are wide, and the
horse would rather not run against you if
he can help it. But the four-horse teams
that break away from half-drunken sol-
diers—the carriages, ambulances, mule-
wagons, hay-carts, and hearses—any or
all of which may be seen dashing through
the streets, on almost any one day, behind
infuriated animals—are lively beholdings,
for which we are indebted mainly to "the
War." In fact it alters the value of com-
mon walk; for a lady who sees four horses
and an indiscriminate helter-skelter of
spokes and axle-trees coming toward her,
is very likely to rush to the nearest pro-
tecting arms. A week in Washington,
just now, is full of droll experiences of
this kind.—N. P. Willis.

George Francis Train, the high
pressure Yankee, who has figured in Eng-
land in building street railroads, and mak-
ing American stump speeches, lately had
a public discussion with a secessionist in
London. Mr. Train wound up his final
speech one night, as follows: "The se-
cessionist made one statement about south-
ern courage which I must rectify. This
is the same old brag that one southerner
is equal to three or four Yankees, and
said that he himself was good any time
for two. (Hear.) Now, Mr. Chairman,
if I have a weak point that is strong, that
is the point—(laughter)—and if you will
supply the rules and send out for a pair
of gloves, I will soon prove to you by
facts—while he uses words—that there is
one northerner, at least, who will make as
short work of him physically as he has
done intellectually." (Loud and contin-
ed cheers and laughter.) The challenged
party became the challenger, but Mr.
Train's proposition, however, was not ac-
cepted; and, during the excitement created
by the novel offer, the question was ad-
journed until Wednesday.

A SUGGESTION FOR THE SOLDIER.—The
captain of the barge in an Oxford boat
race, just as they are starting, gives each
rower a little slice of lemon to hold in his
mouth. He knows the philosophy: any-
thing in the mouth that promotes the
flow of saliva and keeps the throat moist
answers as well or better than drink,
which often, in quantities, weakens the
stomach. A physician, who understood
these things, used in his long drives to
take a clove into his mouth, instead of
drinking frequently as his inclination
would have led him to do. The advan-
tage of cloves is that they contain much
in little space, and do not loose their
strength. For the soldier they would be
peculiarly useful, since they are aromatic,
stimulating and astringent, which last
quality would tend to counteract that ten-
dency to irritation of the bowels which is
the bane of the soldier's life. Half a doz-
en a day are enough; one clove may re-
main in the mouth for hours.